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A  
PASTORAL  
IN  
MEMORY  
Of his GRACE  
The Illustrious Duke  
OF  
ORMOND;

Deceased July the 21<sup>st</sup>. 1688.

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*Semper Honor Nomenq; tuum Laudesq; manebunt. Virg.*

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Written by N. TATE.

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L O N D O N,

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PART I

MEMOIR

OF

The illustrious Duke



OF

By

Wm. of N. T. A.

LONDON

Printed by J. B. G. & Co. 1784

To the Right Honorable the  
Countess Dowager

O F

OSSORY.

MADAM,

**C**ould the most Illustrious Spirits always find that Justice from Destiny which their Character deserv'd, Homer and Virgil had been reserv'd for this later Age, to celebrate the un-interrupted Course of Glory maintain'd through all the wondrous Traverses of Fortune by the invincible Resolution, transcendent Conduct, and Consummate Piety of the Duke of ORMOND. A Prince of such accomplish'd Person and Endowments of Mind, as if Nature in Him had design'd to triumph over Invention, to transcend the Ideas of most exalted Poetry, to shew the Moralist such an Example of Perfection as he could never meet with but in Speculation, and in a word, to Restore the Fall of Man. In These corrupted Days wherein Virtue is allow'd to pass with Allay, it is enough to recommend Persons of Title to the Records of Fame, if once in the whole Course of their Lives they are so fortunate as to do somewhat that may justify their Claim to Nobility. The Duke of ORMOND by a peculiar Felicity through the whole Progress of his Life and Honour (for they were inseparable Concomitants) seem'd always at his Meridian; in whatever he did or said was always Great, and bore proportion to his mighty Self. And as a just Reward of his transcendent Worth, just divid'd to see his Eminence and Heroick Virtues Copy'd in his SON, though too hasty Destiny forbid us to call him his Successour. For so weak a Talent as mine to enter upon the Character of the Illustrious OSSORY, were to wrong the Manes of so great a Hero, and (without the recompence of a just Encomium) to refresh our Own and your Lady.



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Ladyship's Grief.* For his *Virtues* and *Gallantry* had rendred him so great an Ornament to our *Sphere*, and so general a Blessing, that since the unspeakable Loss of Him, Three Nations have been Rivals in your *Ladyship's Sorrow*. Besides his matchless Renown in Arms, He only had the Happiness to equal the personal *Virtues* of his mighty Father, and by a particular Privilege (deny'd to Hercules himself) after having reach'd all the Heights of Fame, to carry his Glories with him Un-envy'd to his Grave. The *Muses* would deservedly forfeit their Charter, should they refuse their Tribute to the Memory of Those their kindest and most illustrious Patrons. For my own part, I am only ambitious of your *Ladyship's* Acceptance, or at least your Pardon to the following Essay, such as my poor Genius could furnish out. I cannot justify my Performance in this Pastoral, but hope the Cast of the Poem may not be thought too mean, since Virgil chose to celebrate the Obsequies of Julius Caesar in an Eclogue. Neither the mournful Occasion of this Address, nor my scanty Rhetorick, will permit me to attempt a Panegyrick on your *Ladyship*; and indeed if I were qualified for so excellent and copious a Theme as your Character affords, I am sensible it would scarce prove so welcome a Present to your *Ladyship*, as it would to the World. Such exemplary *Virtues* as have always adorn'd your Life (the most perfect Pattern of Female-Honour) may instruct us, that as Heaven has enrich'd your Mind with all its complicated Graces, so your *Ladyship* has improv'd them to the highest Excellence for nobler Ends than Popular Applause. I shall therefore only presume to Congratulate your *Ladyship's* Happiness in having adorn'd One of our Nations most noble Families, where you have Shone like a Gem set in the purest Gold. And though Providence was pleas'd to call too early for the Tribute of your Tears to your great Heroes Shrine, yet it has partly recompens'd you, by making you the happy Parent of a Successour at once to *GRMOND* and *OSSORY*. You have seen the Promises of his Youth, and early Resemblances of his Predecessors *Virtues* and Glories; which that you may survive to see advanced to Their Degree of Fame, is the Prayer of

Madam,

Your *Ladyship's*

Most humble and devoted Servant,

N. TATE



(1)

# PASTORAL

In Memory of his late Grace

## The Duke of Ormond.

**O**n a Lone Bank by Native Reeds supply'd,  
Where *Thames* the *Medway* Weds his willing Bride,  
*Clotin* had sat him down his Pipe to mend  
Which he in Rage had broke —  
*Hubbal*, the Friend whom he most dearly priz'd,  
From Sea Return'd, the pensive Swain surpriz'd,  
First *Hubbal* thus —

*Hubbal.*

Report I see is vain,  
Rumour alarm'd us on the distant Main,  
That you my Friend with Grief become forlorn,  
Had broke your Pipe, and had your Muse forsworn.

*Clotin.*

For Service past oppress'd at last with Wrong,  
What had thy Friend to do with jocund Song?  
The Late-Repenting Muse from Town withdrawn,  
To me return'd in this forsaken Lawn;

B

Where

( 2 )

Where on my broken Reed she deeply swore,  
Henceforth to tempt me from the Plough no more,  
Unanſw'ring Layes no longer to purſue.

*Hubbal.*

Then wherefore Swain that Pipe fixt up anew?

*Clotin.*

A mournful Dirge muſt now employ my Breath,  
Joy I renounce, but ſtill may ſing of Death:  
Without my Care the Strains will prove Compleat,  
My Grief will make the Numbers paſſionate;  
And mighty *ORMOND'S* Name will make 'em Great.

*Hubbal.*

The News ſurpriz'd us on the diſtant Shore,  
The Juſt, the Mighty *ORMOND* was no more:  
The Tritons ſtarted from their Coral-beds,  
The Sea-Nymphs tore the Trefles from their Heads,  
On Land the Satyrs to their Dens retir'd,  
As when of Old the mighty *Pan* expir'd.  
Nature her ſelf had Pangs, and did bemoan  
His Fate, as if an Element were gone.

*Clotin.*

Like the Old Prophet's Vital Tomb, his Hearſe  
Has power to quicken dead departed Verſe,  
To make it Charming in its Mourning Dreſs;  
For though our Grief not Art we now expreſs,  
Yet ev'n this mournful Dirge ſometimes ſhall Spring  
From the low Grave, ſpurn Earth and take the Wing.

*Hubbal.*

Hubbal.

Should *Phæbus* and the Sacred *Nine* retire,  
 Sound but the Name of *ORMOND* 'twill inspire  
 With more than Poets or *Promethean* Fire.

Clotin.

Thy *Clotin* once to *Phæbus* did belong,  
 Nor wholly Un-inspir'd presumes this Song;  
 The Muses brought it Nightly to my Ear,  
 Though long, it may not yet too long appear,  
 I'll not repine to Sing if you'll vouchsafe to Hear.  
 Nor only Hear, but sometimes bear a Part,  
 For *Hubbal* Thou art own'd a Son of Art.  
 Though I the Field, and Thou the Sea dost choose,  
 One Friendship ever rul'd our Breasts, one Muse.  
 For as my Lays were wont to tune the Woods,  
 The *Tritons* thine could raise, and Charm the Floods.

Hubbal.

Strike, strike the Note, advance the noble Strein,  
 While Earth and Skies the Consort shall maintain;  
 While Ebbing *Thames* and *Medway* gently creep,  
 'Tis many hours to Flood, till then the Winds will sleep.  
 The Eastern Breeze will then forbid our Stay,  
 And the Hoarse Barge-man call his Fare away.

Clotin.

O Sacred *Iss*, by whose shady Streams  
*Oxonian* Bards are wrapt in golden Dreams;  
 Not so the *Grecian* Wits their Spring could praise,  
 Nor *Roman* to such Height the *Tyber* raise,  
 And thy fair Banks in kind return afford them fresher Bayes.

*Oxonian*



*Oxonian* Poets yield to none in Song,  
 Their Number's like thy Current, smooth and strong.  
 Pay your just Tribute to great *ORMOND's* Hearse,  
 And give immortal *VV*orth immortal Verse.  
*VV*hen *ORMOND* Dy'd, Ye Floods and Groves confess  
 (You and your weeping Nymphs were witnesses)  
 If any Care the heartless Herdsman took  
 To drive his Heifers to the Christal Brook.  
 If in that heavy day the generous Steed  
*VV*ould taste the Stream, or in the Pasture feed;  
 The Ewe that us'd to suckle Twins did fail,  
 From the Milch Heifer empty came the Pale;  
 In silent Hives the sickly Bee sat still,  
 No wanton Kid would sport, nor am'rous Turtle Bill.  
 As Nature had for *ORMOND's* sake alone  
 Employ'd her Pow'r, and her lov'd *ORMOND* gone,  
 Her Care did Cease, and all her Task were done.  
 So *Eden* Starv'd when of her Lord beguild,  
 And Paradise forthwith became a *VV*ild.

*Hubbat.*

*VV*here such transcendent Virtue is the Theam,  
*VV*ith *Isr*'s will engage *Cam's* Vocal Stream;  
 Fair *Cam* alone with *Isr*'s can compare,

*Clotin.*

Nor must the *Liff*ee be deny'd her share;  
*Hibernian* *Liff*ee too was *ORMOND's* Care.  
 Short is her Stream, but plenteous from its Scourfe,  
 And waters Verdant Lawrels in its Courfe.

On *Liffes*'s Banks, my *Trent*-born Muse (removed  
 By early Chance) her rural Strains improv'd;  
 Betimes her Voice was tun'd to *ORMOND*'s praise,  
 And *Liffes*'s easie Nymphs approv'd her Layes.  
 To *Ormond*'s Pallace once she did resort,  
 (Too happy had she seen no other Court)  
 And having *ORMOND* in his State beheld,  
 Whose Pomp her faint *Idea*'s far excell'd,  
 Return'd transported back to her Abode,  
 And told the Village she had seen a God.

Hubbal.

By *Shanon*'s Flood, *Juverne*'s noblest Stream,  
*Ormond*'s Delight, and *Spencer*'s sacred Theam,  
 My Fancy early with Ambition fir'd,  
 There first of *ORMOND*'s Princely Deeds enquir'd:  
 What Benefits the Patron had bestow'd,  
 How much *Juverne* to his Conduct owed  
 In Peace and War——Thence to the *Indian* shore  
 Remov'd, my Muse her full Instructions bore:  
 There in the Plantan shade she sung his Name,  
 Down from their Hills the Savage Natives came,  
 And listning to the charming Ayrs grew Tame.  
 They brought me Wheat, a Grain of mighty size,  
 And that rich Nut in whose large Shell the milky Nectar lies.  
 With *ORMOND*'s Name I charm'd the Rising Day,  
 Till *Vesper* warn'd him off he'd listning stay,  
 And then to pressing Shades unwillingly gave way.  
 Evn when the Night her dewy Wings had spread,  
 Oft has my Muse, by restless Ardour led,  
 Pursu'd her Theam, and sung the Stars to Bed.

*Clarin.*

That Season when *Jupiter* went to wreck,  
Intestine Broils did *Brittains* Empire shake;  
Our destin'd *Troy* no mortal Aid could save,  
Nobly to fall was only left the Brave.  
When raging Waves our Royal Sovereign cost,  
Her Cable, Rudder, Sails and Streamers lost,  
Before the rising Tempest sent Adrift,  
When ev' her Pilots for themselves did shift;  
The Seas; the Winds, the Heav'ns in vain implor'd,  
'Twas *Then* th' Undaunted *ORMOND* went on Board.  
Long, long he Stem'd the Syrges, doom'd to fail,  
For Destiny, and *Britain's* Crimes prevail.

*Hubbal.*

Béhold a Second *Charles* his Courle begun,  
The Rising *Phosper* from a Setting Sun;  
But ev'n his tender Dawn with Tempests met,  
O're-charg'd by Clouds in which his Father Set.  
The Earth-drawn Meteors still Ufurf his Skie,  
And still the Faction's raging Waves ran high.  
Conspiring Slaves the Spoils of Empire share,  
They seize the Vineyard, but they want the Heir,  
The Royal Pledge was Heav'us and *ORMOND's* Care.  
*ORMOND* the firm *Abates* of his Toils,  
Attends the wandring Prince to Foreign Soils:  
But Action ceasing while He's forc'd to Range,  
Returns by Stealth to form the noble Change.  
Of such effect his Secret Influence prov'd,  
That once again the Loyal Springs are mov'd;

Through



Through what stupendious Mazes did he lead  
 His vast Design, what unseen Passes tread!  
 Mines daily Sprung, the Tyrants struck with Fears;  
 But still in vrin they seek the Engineer.  
 He works Conceal'd, as he would imitate  
 The very Artifice of silent Fare,  
 Oft while of Hopes and Him the Loyal doubt,  
 The suddain Hero from his Cloud breaks out.  
*Alpheus* thus the Ocean does beguile,  
 And after Diving many a secret Mile,  
 Rises to bless the fair *Sicilian* Isle.

*Clotm.*

Our Britain long oppress'd, in vain implor'd  
 To have the *ORMOND* and her *Charles* Restor'd,  
 Her Lands untill'd; why should the Farmer toil,  
 Whose Crop must be the *Russian* Soldier's Spoil?  
 Her *Charles* and *Ormond* absent, you might see  
 For Fruit, rank Moss and Canker on each Tree!  
 No Swain his Sheep would Fold, or Oxen Stall,  
 For *Charles*, our Valleys, Groves and Fountains Call.  
 At last the Bliss, we had so long implor'd  
 And no Kind Pow'r durst promise, was Restor'd,  
 With his triumphant Train our Isle beheld her Lord;  
 Then was the tuneful Shepherds Song allow'd,  
 In Peace our Heifers fed and Oxen Plow'd,  
 With Honey drops our British Oaks distill'd;  
 And burden'd *Thames* *Augusta's* Markets fill'd.

*Hubbal.*

So far the fatal Plenty did encrease  
 We surfeited at last on Wealth and Peace;  
 Our VVarriours Virtue those soft Pow'rs disarm,  
 Nor could they bear the Sun who bore the Storm:  
 So *Hannibal* whose untainted Course,  
 Did through the Frozen *Alps* his passage force,  
 Dissolv'd in soft *Campanian* Pleasures lay,  
 And *Came* was Reveng'd by *Capua*.  
 Our *ORMOND*'s Virtue ev'n in prosp'rous State,  
 Maintain'd her rigid Empire firm as Fate,  
 Her limpid Stream through Seas of Pleasure led,  
 Untainted runs as in it's Fountain-head.

*Clotin.*

Virtue so feebly now exerts her Powers,  
 VVe stalk faint Shadows of our Ancestors.  
 If Nature once in these degenerate days,  
 Do's by some vast Effort an *ORMOND* raise,  
 He's gaz'd at while he Shines, and when he quits the Stage,  
 In Darkness leaves our Sphear, and quite undoes the Age.

*Hubbal.*

VVhy wert thou rais'd so high, and form'd so bright  
 To be with common Period wrapt in Night!  
 Too Rigid now O Fate, thy Law appears,  
 A Patriarchs Piety should have a Patriarchs Years.

*Clotin.*

*Clotin.*

So have I seen the Oak that long had stood  
 A Friendly Shelter, to the Underwood;  
 Green in his Age, till imbred death destroy'd  
 The Plant which Storms and Thunder ne're annoy'd:  
 The noble Tree is perish'd, while below  
 The Shrubs survive, and useles Brambles grow.

*Hubbal.*

Such Heroe's Fate must Reputation give  
 To death, and make it Scandalous to Live.

*Clotin.*

Behold my Friend you slender shady Dale,  
 Now Consecrate and made a Sacred Vale,  
 An Altar there I have rais'd in stony Rooms  
 A little Emblem of great ORMOND's Tomb  
 Whose Front by me with Laurels shall be crown'd  
 Oft as the Circling Year compleats her Round;  
 Ev'n now against the important Day's Return  
 (Which I must ever honour ever mourn)  
 My Muse has form'd her Tributary Verse,  
 That faintly her great Patron may rehearse.  
 No Rural Lay can reach his Character,  
 Yet Shepherds Songs are ever most sincere.



*Hubbal.*

Nor have my Thoughts been Idle on the Main;  
 The Muses love Alternates; gentle Swain  
 Admit in Course an artless Sailer's Strain.

*Clotin.*

What equal Rites ye Pow'rs can be assign'd  
 His God-like Person and more God-like Mind?  
 A long descended Glory he deriv'd  
 From Ancestors, whose Fame their Fate surviv'd;  
 Though sure to make his Claim of Honour good,  
 Unneedful was th' Access of ancient Blood!  
 His Genius with a Noble Pride disdain'd  
 Those Bounds (though vast) his Predecessors gain'd;  
 To their Acquests of Glory adding New  
 On them more Fame Reflecting than he drew;  
 So much of Royalty his Presence bore  
 That scarce a Sceptre could have added more;  
 Nature for Sov'raignty his Frame design'd,  
 Consenting Heav'n inspir'd a Monarch's Mind,  
 Yet on himself he was content to sway,  
 And thought it Empire easier to Obey.  
 Hast pious Swains to Celebrate his Tomb,  
 So may you see a joyful Harvest-Home.

*Hubbal.*

Rest to his Sacred Ashes may it bring,  
 That he was Virtues and the Muses King;  
 No Greatness e're such Goodness did impart  
 From Heights of State he stoop'd to raise Desert.

To

To him the bright Records of Fame were known  
 Her best Examples still became his Own;  
 All Traverses of Fortune He sustain'd,  
 In All great *ORMOND*'s Character maintain'd.  
 Success ne're made him Swell, nor Sufferings Faint,  
 The first the *Hero* prov'd, the last the Saint.  
 To Conquest taught Crown'd Heads a bloodless way,  
 By Arts of Mildness to secure their Sway  
 On You, Earth's Potentates, his Fate old's call,  
 Empire must Shake when such Supporters fall:  
 Keep, keep his dear Remembrance still at Helm,  
 And by his Councils steer your giddy Realm.  
 To Safety's Port no Pilot could convey  
 Like him, or shew where all the Shallows lay  
 Come Pious Sailors, stoop with Tears his Ills,  
 So may your Frigates Vessel safe return.

*Clara*

In *ORMOND*'s Stead what can the Stars restore,  
 What private Grief the Publick Loss Deplore,  
 All Ranks oblig'd by him while he had Breath,  
 Are equally Oblig'd to mourn his Death.  
 Those Elogies our scant'd Powers deny,  
 Succeeding Times and Poets shall supply;  
 We but presume to say, He Nobly gain'd  
 All Heights of Honour, Nobly all maintain'd,  
 And Nought for mighty *ORMOND* but to Die remain'd.  
 In *Ossory* Fate's Triumph was compleat,  
 Fate to that *Hero* gave the first Defeat,  
 Now Destiny usurps too large a share,  
 An *ORMOND* too is more than Earth can spare.

*Hubbal.*

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 The Muses love Alternates; gentle Swain  
 Admit in Course an artless Sailer's Strain.

*Chorus.*

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*Hubbal.*

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*Hubbal.*

*Hubbal.*

For *OSSORT* our Sorrows still are seen  
 Fresh as his Fame ; and as his Lawrels Green :  
 Like Widow'd Turtles we refuse Relief,  
 Renew our Dirges, and indulge our Grief.  
 With Pangs my Mind re-calls that heavy Day  
 That brought the Tidings first to *Dover Bay*,  
 Where under pendant Rocks my Shallop Lay ;  
 As on the Decks I fix'd my Hooks that Morn  
 For *Rband* and *Turbott* at the Tyde's Return,  
 I wondred much whatundry *Omens* meant.  
 The thrice-advancing Flood thrice backward went.  
 The Mulletts from their sportive Leaps refrain'd,  
 The Sea-Mews, perchs upon the Rocks, complain'd,  
 Forthwith through all the astonish'd Coast 'twas spread,  
 The Guardian of the Floods great *OSSORT* was Dead.  
 For her lost Admiral the *British* Ocean groan'd;  
 The Harra's'd *Flandrian* Plains, and *Moos* his Fate bewan'd.  
 Sea-vanquish'd *Belgians* then were reconcil'd,  
 And only \* *Africk's* Savage Genius smil'd.

With Pangs my Thoughts that heavy Day recall,  
 The Wind blew hard, my Vessel Craz'd and Small ;  
 The Samphire-man his des prate Trade gave o're,  
 The Fisher drew his Nets and Boat ashore,  
 Then *Clotin*, then the Muses watch'd their Time,  
 And forc'd me Thus to sooth my Grief with Rhyme.

\* His Lordship being Commissi'd a little before His Death, for the Relief of *Tangier*,  
 against the Moors.

Oh where are now your Charms ye Briny Deep;  
 Ye winding Coasts, smooth Sands and craggy Steeps  
 What's Traffique now? What reason can you give  
 To make forlorn desponding *Hubbal* Live.  
 Or can it e're account for half my pain,  
 To stretch on Shells, and view the rolling Main;  
 Or breath my Griets to these cold Rocks in vain,  
 For *OSSRT*'s sake a Sailer I became;  
 And *OSSRT* now is nothing but a Name?  
 To Us no more — but to the Skies a Star —  
 When next the raging Elements are at War  
 When safe on Shore my fellow Sailers sleep,  
 That desp'rate Hour I'll take to launch into the Deep;  
 Farewell all Lands, the tempting Syrges swell;  
 Ev'n Thou that holdst my *OSSRT*, *Duff*, Farewell.

These Numbers I conceiv'd and grav'd 'em deep  
 On *Dover's* *Cliffs*, which from some Neighb'ring Steep  
 The Fisher-man while shelter'd from the Rain,  
 Shall Sighing read, and reading Sigh again.

*Clotin.*

How Charming sad O *Hubbal* is thy Verse!  
 Not *Halcyons* such, or dying *Swans* rehearse.

*Hubbal.*

When *OSSRT* from these Regions took his flight,  
 The Impious Age fear'd an Eternal Night:  
 Yet ev'n that vast Eclipse not quite our Spear depriv'd;  
 Our *OSSORT* was gone, but *ORMOND* still surviv'd.



Whence can we now expect another Dawn,  
Our Sun and *Phosper* both eternally withdrawn.

*Clotius.*

It Thunders on the Left, auspicious Sign,  
And Lambent flames surround my *Heroes Shrine* :  
Fresh Odors breathing thence, the Air perfume,  
The Neighb'ring Groves their wonted Songs resume ;  
My Lambs begin to sport, my Ewes to Feed :  
Whence can this Vital Influence proceed ?

Behold a Second *ORMOND* bright as Day,  
Breaks forth to chase our fullen Fears away !  
Heav'n early did for our Relief contrive,  
That *OSSORT* and *ORMOND* should survive  
In one great Heir that do's from Both derive.

Ye Guardian-Pow'rs that have receiv'd in Trust  
Great *Britains* Honor, to your Charge be just.  
Preserve her rising Hope, and add th' Arrears  
Of *OSSORT's* shorten'd date, to his Successors years ;  
That in his finish'd Circle may be seen  
What *OSSORT's* complicated Course had been.  
No Heights of Glory are too high to Trace,  
For *ORMOND's* Heir, Ally'd to *Beaufort's* Race.  
In this ye Pow'rs your Care you have express'd,  
To Fame and his great Genius leave the Rest.

Your

Your Patron's Praise *Oxoniens* be your Theam,  
 While I obscurely lodg'd by *Med-way's* Stream  
 Visit the Shrine I've rais'd in Scanty Room,  
 The little Emblem of great *ORMOND's* Tomb.

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**F I N I S.**

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